

One Rose's Life

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Summary: This is about Rogue sacrificing her life to save Remy, but he isn't giving up yet! Sappy and sweet.

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"Remy! Look out!!" Rouge shouted as she pushed him forcefully out of the way. He landed on his side with a surprised grunt and turned on the ground just in time to see her get hit by the attack that was meant for him. Magneto's attack engulfed her, and she screamed.

>"ROUGE! Nooo!" He shouted and jumped to his feet, running to her, even though touching her will mean he'll be affected by the attack as well.

>By the time he reached her, Magneto's attack was finished, and the warrier named Rogue fell unconscious to the hard floor. Gambit was there in time to catch her before she hit the ground.
"Mon cheri..." He whispered, falling to his knees and cradling her in his arms.

>Jean and Scott quickly came by his side. He hugged the lifeless body in his arms tightly, not caring if their skins will touch and he'll die.
Scott literally tore her from his grip and started running towards the BlackBird. If she was still alive, there might be a chance to save her yet.

>Gambit stayed on his knees and stared at the ground. Only when Beast came and helped him up did he move at all, and even then his eyes were cast downwards.
"She'll be fine..." Promised Hank, but Remy could sense the quiver in his voice.

He sat outside of the room where she was all night. Never falling asleep or moving. He sat there and shuffled his cards.

>Back and forth,
Back and forth,

>All night long.
Hank had told him, and he half listened, that after Magneto's attack, Jean and Scott were able to fend him off so they could evacuate with Rouge to safety and treat her.

>Her condition was bad, but Hank kept reassuring him that she'd be fine.
For a while there, Gambit wanted to believe it so hard... that it sounded almost possible.

Gambit used the fact that Magneto was concentrating his attacks on the allusive Beast to throw some charged aces at his face. One of them was able to pass the magnetic field around Magneto and actually slashed across his face, causing him a much-deserved gash.

>Magneto turned, infuriated, to the pest that was able to scar him in such a way and shot one of his most powerful attacks and him... That's when Rogue interfered.<p>

Jean came out of the room, and Remy jumped to his feet.

>Jean's face was very cold as she gestured him soundlessly to go in. Her eyes, though, are what made Remy go into the room with panic gripping his heart.<p>

Rogue was lying on the medical bed, her face pale, her breaths ragged and shallow.

>He fell to his knees besides the bed and gently took her limp hand in his.
He caressed that gloved hand even when Jean silently entered the room.

>Remy said nothing.
"I know how you feel." She said, and being a psyche, she actually meant it.

>"Yah do." He stated flatly.
"Don't torture yourself, Gambit... It... It wasn't your fault-"

>He suddenly got up and turned to Jean, anger flaring his eyes,
"It's not??" He demanded, "Yah wanna tell me it's not??"

>She only looked at him compassionately,
"Remy... I know how you feel bu-"

>"Do yah?! Yah probably can read ma mind, but yah can't... yah can't know what it's like tah... tah..." his voice trailed off, unable to finish the sentence.
She said nothing a while and looked away, then she said quietly,

>"I need to ask you to leave so I could try to treat her... Hank gave me some good ideas..."
Agitated, he left the room.

>Jean looked at Rogue as she fought for her life and knew that they would lose more than one X-Men if she died.<p>

Gambit was sitting on the stairs of the school, smoking.

>"Hey, Cajun." He heard a voice behind him.
"Leave me alone, Logan." He hoarsely asked, not bothering to turn his head.

>"I don't think I can do that," said the latter, coming to stand by Remy, "See, Jean ordered me to see that ya don't go killin' yourself, kid."
"What if I am...?" he asked tiredly, drawing another draw from his cigarette.

>"You got one there for me?" asked Wolverine.
"No."

>He sighed and sat down by the redhead. Neither man said a word for a long time until,
"If she dies, it's all mah fault... Ever felt that kainda thing, Logan?"

>Logan didn't reply.
"If ah loose her... I'm... gonna be one unhappy gambler..." a hint of a smile passed his bloodless lips, signs of exhaustion and worry starting to show on his young face.

>Jean came out of the building and signalled Gambit to approach her, from where Logan was sitting, he could not discern what they were saying, only the general tone.
Jean's tone was quite, hushed, and... comforting.

>Logan turned his head just in time to see Remy's face contort with

anger and then he stormed into the building.
"What's going on?" he asked, approaching Jean. Her answer was strained and quite. >"She's dying, Logan... She's dying."<p>

He entered the room and fell beside the bed again. Rogue's face was even paler, her breaths so shallow they were almost inaudible.

>"Chere..." He whispered, holding her gloved hand again, "Ah can't... Ah can't let ya go, chere... Rogue... Ah love ya, Rogue- ya hafta get betta'!"
He pressed her hand once, twice, as if trying to infuse her with his life power.

>When she dies, he'll die too.
There was nothing they could do, Jean said, Magneto's attack had drained her of too much life energy.

>His eyes were welling up with tears. This can't be happening! They were supposed to live happily ever after!
"Yah can't die on me, Chere! Ah love ya! Ya can't die!" He shouted, uncaring if he would be heard. Nothing mattered anymore.

>The monitor by his side beeped a long, steady sound.
Gambit gaped at it for a second, his eyes widening and his heart racing.

Suddenly, his expression changed to a resolute frown. He got up, stared down at his beautiful love for a short moment, then, with total awareness of his doings, he closed the distance between their lips.

She always wanted to know his past...

>Now she'll know...
...She'll know how much he really loved her... How much he needed her...

>...All his memories... His love... His pain
...His life.

Jean entered the room and smiled sadly as she saw that Remy was asleep by Rouge's side, his head resting on the mattress and his hand still clutching hers.

>She gave a short yelp when she saw that Rogue's eyes were open and she was staring at the ceiling.
"...Rogue?" she asked carefully.

>Rouge blinked a couple of times and turned her head to Jean's direction.
Jean smiled a relieved smile, then turned to check the monitor's records.

>"We were so worried about yo- Oh my god!"
Jean leapt to Remy and grabbed his shoulders, turning him to her and shaking him. His head slumped back lifelessly.

>"...Oh God..." She uttered, shocked.
Rouge just stared, she knew what he had done.

>A tear slid down her cheek.
Hank and Logan entered the room and wondered what was going on. Beast checked the monitor and gasped.

>The monitor showed the life dwindling until there was no more. Then, there was suddenly a jump back, a jump so steep, it meant only one thing.<p>

"No..."

Tears were streaming down her face as she lay there, staring at his peaceful face. He look exhausted, yet unearthly peaceful.

>More tears streamed down her already wet cheeks.
Not another one... She couldn't grasp what he had done. She knew what he did, but she couldn't grasp what it meant.

>Just like Cody... she just killed her love with her cursed powers.
What will she possibly do without this smart-mouth, slick-talkin' man?

>His past ran around in her mind, playing various parts without chronological order. She didn't mind, though. All she wanted was a miracle and that he'll somehow... somehow live...
He had gave his life to save her, and she still had the taste of his lips on hers.

>"Remy..." She managed to whisper in her shattered state, "Ah love ya too..." she squeezed his hand.<p>

She felt a faintest of pressure from his hand as a smile slowly spread on his sleeping face.

Fin.

What do you think? My first X-Men fic ever, done VERY late at night... or early in the morning...

Thanks for reading my fic and I hope you liked it!

(Re-posted and slightly corrected. I had some mistakes I just couldn't stand anymore!)

P.S.

>I just couldn't let Remy die in the end!<p>

End
file.